
Title: Ballad of the Mournful Soldier

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It was a dark and
dreary day,
When two armies
clashed.
Swords and spears
rent shields and
flesh,
And throats and
bellies slashed.

And in the fight, a
hero bold,
Brave and proud and
strong,
Kept up the fight
against the foe,
Though that fight was
long.

As the fog of battle
cleared,
Under the Golden Sun,
The warrior, he stood
alone,
At great cost, he'd
won.

The warrior limped
off the field,
Soaked in crimson
gore,
Past mangled friends
and family,
"Never again," he
swore.

"This war, it was too
long and hard,
So full of tears and
strife,
I can't believe I helped
to cause,
Such loss of human
life."

Hearing the soldier's
mournful cry,
The bodies of the

dead,
Rose up as one, and
turned about,
In whispered voices
said:

"How dare you stand
alive and mourn
While we lie rotting
here
We died to bring you
victory,
When defeat was
near.

We did not die to end
all war
We died so we could
win.
Go forth and sieze the
spoils of war,
adn give them to our
Kin."

The Bodies fell back
into death, leaving him
alone.
He gathered up the
treasures fromt he
field,
And crying, left for
home.